

"Outward Bound" Cast Chosen First Rehearsal Yesterday

One Part Yet to Be Filled—Players Down to Hard Work—Will Be Presented Some Time in March

The University Spring Play is now under way. Rehearsals, under Elizabeth Stirling Haynes, opened yesterday, when a deal of preliminary work was done through satisfactorily. The casting is not yet quite completed owing to the intervention of scholastic authority, which quietly but firmly, and for reasons which stand in no need even of definition, removed one character already selected.

Miss Eileen Stirling carries the heavy part of "Ann" concerning which quite a bit was written in The Gateway of two weeks back. We are confident of a clever, polished performance in this character, as there is a very wide scope for such in the part and the capacity for taking advantage of it is very apparent in Miss Stirling. Miss Dorothy Ryley will play "Mrs. Cliveden-Banks," an arresting figure in the cast, probably intended as a type of female counterpart of the "American," "Lingley," alias "Feltmann." From "Mrs. Cliveden-Banks" we are to expect a good deal of our comedy element, and she is also responsible for handing out one of the big surprises of the show. We wish Miss Ryley the best of luck, and look forward with great expectations to her representation of the part. Miss Margaret Kinney has been cast as "Mrs. Midget," the charwoman, who is such a delightful contrast to "Mrs. Cliveden-Banks," and whose relationship to a certain other prominent member of the "dramatic personae" will furnish yet another of the big surprises of the production. Miss Kinney will assuredly give a fine character performance in this rôle.

Mr. Larry Davis, an actor of considerable experience and tremendous force, will be seen to advantage as the dissolute "Tom Prior," and Mr. K. H. Ives, also an actor of experience, whose chief forte is a sort of subtle appeal produced through the media of a soft tongue and astonishingly easy movement, has been admirably cast as "Henry," who plays opposite "Ann." The gentle, puckish character of the steward, "Scrubby," will be represented by Mr. Tim Byrne, whose polished performance as "Mr. Canton" in Jane Murfin's "Prince Gaby," must still be remembered. Mr. John Farrell plays the part of "Lingley," the "honest British merchant," and we look for laughs from him as well as from his counterpart. Mr. Farrell will also be remembered for his excellent contribution to the entertainment of December 5th last, when he carried the title rôle in Miss Murfin's joyous adaptation, "The Reverend Duke," a hard part to play with success, will be taken by Mr. Bert Cairns, whose talented work in A. A. Milne's "The Boy Comes Home," was the feature

of the Inter-year Competition of 1929. The part of "The Reverend Thomson," the Examiner, has been filled, and is now again empty, and we await the recasting with feelings animated by the greatest curiosity and interest.

Nearly five weeks remain for rehearsal. During this time tenable construction will be put upon mystery, light will be shed in dark places, co-ordination and co-operation will be nourished apace, and the completed whole will be successfully evolved as the figures in Sutton Vane's picture are brought together in sympathetic union. Rehearsals seem to me to mark the time when some fond notions are broken up forever and dispelled, but only for the purpose of enhancing the subject of those notions, just as a yellow brick which may be passing fine by itself will not fit in the colour scheme of a red mansion.

The drama is the greatest of all the arts. It involves more than character representation, more than a shattering of the barriers of time, more than a display of varying emotions—it is all these things and a thousand others. With each new play we draw back the curtain of conjecture upon the field of conjecture and, hey presto! conjecture is no more. With the talented and sympathetic combination which we have working on "Outward Bound" at this time success is quite assured, and a great performance will be put over on the big night in March. C'mon! Let's all go!

In conclusion, the words of Charlotte Cushman seem to lay themselves open to recommendation: "I think I love and reverence all arts equally, only putting my own just above the others, because in it I recognize the union and culmination of my own. To me it seems as if when God conceived the world, that was Poetry: He formed it and that was Sculpture: He colored it and that was Painting: He peopled it with live beings and that was the grand, divine, eternal Drama."

FELICITATIONS

The Gateway wishes to extend its congratulations to Miss Audrey Mills on her recent marriage to Count Bernard Kern.

While we are sorry to lose such a popular student as Miss Mills, we shall hope for occasional visits to her friends here. She is certain of a warm welcome at such times.

We wish Count and Countess Kern all happiness.

UNIVERSITY ORGANIST



MR. L. H. NICHOLS

Who, as leader of the Glee Club, has been largely responsible for its success in operatic ventures, and is again training the chorus for "Bohemian Girl."

NOTICE

The Executive Committee of the Students' Union Council wishes to draw to the attention of all the members of the Students' Union, the Point System Act. This committee will sit to consider possible candidates for Executive "A's". Students are requested to compile lists of the officers which they are holding under the Point System Act, with the corresponding marks, and to send such lists to the Secretary of the Students' Union Council before Feb. 7.

POPULAR SOLOIST



ANNE BOWSTEAD

Prominent in "Maritana," "Lucky Jade," and "Marriage of Nannette," takes rôle of Gipsy Queen in "Bohemian Girl."

NOTICE TO COMMERCE CLUB

Will all paid-up members of the Commerce Club who have not already done so, kindly hand their pictures for the Year Book in to Bill Wheatley at once.

NOTICE

The Mathematics Club meets Tuesday, Feb. 10, in Arts 239, at 4:30. Brother Phillip will speak on "Some Kindred Problems of Philosophy, Psychology and Mathematics." Tea served at 4:30.

NOTICE

Executive and club pictures MUST be turned in immediately if they are intended for this year's Year Book.

NOTICE

All those who still have athletic equipment (rugby and soccer) kindly turn it in immediately to the Central Check, otherwise they will be charged with the full value of the equipment.

FRESHMEN, FRESHETTES! ATTENTION!

The Executive of the Fresh Class wish to announce that Dr. N. Stover has been appointed to the Honorary Presidency of Class '34. We feel that our class is to be congratulated upon having secured the services of a member of the faculty so popular with our students.

NOTICE

This week's issue of The Gateway contains but four pages, and is the smallest regular issue of the paper to appear for some years. This unfortunate state of affairs has been necessitated by lack of funds. When The Gateway budget was prepared last fall it became apparent that the income to be derived from advertising would have to be estimated at a much lower figure than was the case last year. This necessitated also cutting the estimated amount that could be expended for printing. It has become apparent that the printing costs may run slightly above the budgeted amount while the income from advertising may possibly be even less than was estimated. It was felt that the cutting of this week's paper to four pages might help to adjust matters, and it is hoped that future issues may be of the normal size.

MR. A. T. CUSHING SPEAKS TO S.C.M.

Aim of Successful Business Man Should be Skill, Trusteehip and Scientific Method

The second of a series of addresses destined to afford members of the S.C.M. and all those interested an opportunity of hearing the conceptions of religion held by men in different walks of life, was given by Mr. A. T. Cushing, a prominent business man of this city. Mr. Cushing's subject, "The Application of Christian Ethics to Business," was treated in a very gratifying manner.

Today the orthodox principle of political economy, "Everyone seeks his own interests first," is evident in the business realm. Young people upon entering the world of affairs quite naturally adopt this principle, which has become a veritable slogan, seen in scores of books and magazines: "Be successful in business! Get ahead financially!" Yet the Christian principle, "Fair-play and trustworthiness," has been, and is, successfully applied in business. Jesus said, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Yet this does not mean that one should withdraw oneself from the world, for the Christian attitude is not one which distracts the mind from one's work, but which gives one insight into one's work.

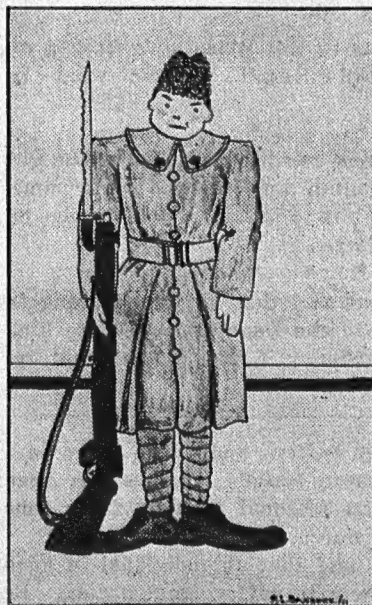
Referring to the Parable of the Talents, the speaker stressed the fact that the measure of fidelity with which one discharges one's trust is the measure of one's personality.

Mr. Cushing then spoke of the relation of the business man to trade in general. If gross self-interest could be supplanted by fair play as the basis of business organization, business would be stabilized. But today mass production is for profit. It ought to be for use.

Speaking of the relation of the business man to his employees and his own business organization, Mr. Cushing stated that he who would be truly successful should have the threefold aim: Skill, Trusteehip and Scientific Method. Of these, trusteehip is the chief, and this fact is realized when we consider that those institutions which last the longest are those which rest upon a fiduciary basis.

Mr. Cushing closed his address with the statement that with the advent of a new world of business which can be occasioned only by the application of fair play and trustworthiness, books of political economy would have to be rewritten.

C.O.T.C. OPENS



PARLIAMENT

Photo shows R. C. Proctor, Flight Lieutenant of the Royal Horse Marines, as his command paraded at opening of the Alberta Legislature last week. This picture was obtained at great risk to both cameraman and camera. — (Courtesy Sanburn Aerial Photography, Limited.)

Rehearsals of Bohemian Girl Promise Entrancing Production

Writer Discourses on the Origin of the Opera—Gives Impressions of Rehearsal Witnessed on Sunday Last

In the year 1808 there was born in the Emerald Isle one whose name was destined to become the burden of the pulsating whispers of the musical world. They named him Michael—Michael William—Michael William Balfe—he who, for fifty-nine years, upward from the age of three years to the moment when yet another "bard sublime" bade farewell to the world he had beautified, lived always in the glorious planes of tenderest musics.

Imagine a child of barely three years as an accomplished violin player! Imagine a little Irish boy of seven scoring a self-composed polka for a band! Imagine one whose genius in the world of opera and ballad brought him the titles of "Chevalier of the Legion of Honour" from the Emperor of France, "Commander of the Order of Carlos Third" from the Regent of Spain, and an offer of the coveted distinction of the "Prussian Eagle" from the King of Prussia. To whose memory stands that statue in the vestibule of the Drury Lane Theatre in London and a certain medallion in the sacred precincts of Westminster Abbey? Of all these honors and more was the recipient, Michael William Balfe, fully worthy.

DIRECTOR OF OPERA



MRS. J. B. CARMICHAEL

For several years conductor of the University Orchestra, will again direct the Glee Club and Orchestra in production of the opera, "The Bohemian Girl," on Feb. 26th and 27th.

For the last eighteen years of his life this great composer spent his time producing operas, ballads, glees, part-songs and cantatas. Influenced by Gioacchino Antonio Rossini, who is aptly described by Janet M. Green, compiler of the classic "Imperial History and Cyclopaedia of Music," as "one of the brightest musical luminaries of the Nineteenth Century," pupil of Ferdinando Paer, whose "Camilla, ossia il sotterraneo," lives forever, and of the gallant but tragic figure, Filippo Galli, husband of the prominent Hungarian vocalist, Lina Rosen, one time protégé of Charles Edward Horn, the outstanding American conductor and Director of the

Handel and Haydn Society of Boston—take all these things into consideration along with a vast store of personal genius, and you have the combination working to produce the masterpiece of Balfe.

As a composer Balfe was extremely prolific. "La Perouse" was his first Ballet; "I Rivali di se stessi" his first Opera. The year 1835 saw his "Siege of Rochelle" produced in London, and this was followed by "The Maid of Artois," "Joan of Arc," "Catherine Grey," "Falstaff" and "Diademe," and later "Keolande," "Satanella," "Bianca," "The Furi-tan's Daughter," "The Sicilian Bride" and "The Rose of Castille." But the pinnacle of his fame was reached in 1843 when he produced "The Bohemian Girl."

The University Glee Club and the University Orchestra together this year plan to put on this superb opera, "The Bohemian Girl." Enough has been said of the origin of the origin of the material to be produced; now as to the producers. The musical direction is in the hands of Mrs. J. B. Carmichael; choruses under Professor L. H. Nichols; art direction, T. Dalkin and Mrs. Moss; business manager, Mr. Collier; publicity, Miss H. Hargrave and Messrs. Thorpe and Hollingsworth. All are working hard to ensure the success of the venture—a success which, even at this early date, seems quite assured.

The story of "The Bohemian Girl" cannot be said to differ essentially from the usual run of operatic stories. This is because the story does not matter a great deal. It features the Exile, the Lost Princess (whose fortunate possession of a birthmark alone serves to identify her), the Father who is wracked by all the emotions in turn, and the slightly three-cornered love interest, all of which are the rag-tag and bobtail which appears under the impressive title of "Continuity" on the screen. But, even as the oldest joke can still be laughed at when cloaked in yet another apt context, so the opera story suffers not from constant repetition because of the glorious settings which adorn it.

It is early yet to register any constructive impression of the actors in this production. At any rate, it would be distinctly unfair to offer any criticism. On Sunday, however, from the excerpts seen and heard one impression was formed which was very deep. That was the impression of the excellence of Cyril Fyrcz in the rôle of Florestan. The great truth in acting after which all strive and many achieve only after grievous toil, knocks, and failures, seems to be firmly embedded in his mentality. The result is that he does not have to worry about it, and the result of his not worrying is that we do not worry either. His performance is worthy of the highest recommendation. The other male members of the cast whom we heard on Sunday impressed us very favorably, not as the completed article, but as showing enormous promise for February 26th and 27th.

The fair Arline and the Queen of the Gipsies are admirable in every way. Their singing and acting leaves little to be desired, and they are wonderfully contrasted.

Varsity Qualifies to Meet Southern Alberta Champions

Keels Star as Varsity Defeats Y.M.C.A. to Tune of 34-29

Episcopalians, 228 (n-x): "And Simpson went down into Philadelphia and slew five hundred Philadelphians."

And it came to pass that in the land of Varsity there was a great scarcity of victories and the multitude starved for want of them. And in the night there did come to King Bill as he knelt in prayer a vision and counselled him to lead his flock out of Varsity and into the fruitful land of Y.M.C.A. And in the evening King Bill led out his host, and there was great rejoicing among the Pembinites. And when they had come into the land of Y.M.C.A., lo! they beheld the army of that place drawn up in battle array. And the hosts of Varsity did treat the Y to a famous feast of the passover, and the victory passed over the heads of the Y and into the cavernous maws of Y of A. For in the army of Varsity were many famous men—Gordon Keel, the brother of Merton, sons of Mr. Keel, and Buzz the Spotaphyte, and Addie the Sapprophyte, and Pullysh the Sametophyte, and Carscallen the Pteridophyte, long famous for having brought into submission the multitudes of Pembina, and Killick the Canaanite, who always raised Cain. And there was in the army of

Y a certain man Shane of prodigious size and strength, and when the Varsity beheld him, lo! they were afraid and their knees smote them one against the other. And King Bill addressed his army, and said: "Oh, men of Varsity, with you this night rests the extension of the glory of our land. Be aware—fair eyes behold your deeds—now give 'em hell!" And the men of Varsity did take heart by his counsel and they administered hell unto the enemy. And Gordon, son of Mr. Keel, brother of Merton, did run so many circles about him that the pride of Y did damned dizzy get and fell him in a swoon, and Gordon seizing the ball scored fifteen points. And the battle lasted anon, and when evening was set King Bill took toll of his points and Varsity had won—for the spirit of Pembina abided in them. And King Bill led his victorious hosts out of the land of Y and down Jasper, and they lingered hungrily before the beer parlors for they were parched with thirst—but it was denied them—for spirits other than the spirit of Pembina must they touch not.

May we bless to the profit the reading of this portion of his work.—Amen.

Jungle Motif Prevails at Com. Club's Undergrad Dance

Decorations Most Novel Yet—Varsity Orchestra in Rare Form—Whoopie Time Was Had by All

The evening of Friday, January 30, saw one of the most novel of Undergrads pass into history. Or perhaps we should say, "make history," inasmuch as time will from now on be dated up to and from the Com Club's Undergrad of 1931. And what a dance it was! Surrounded by decorations more ingenious than any hitherto seen and more acceptable in that they were particularly apropos of the weather, we danced to what seemed an inspired Varsity orchestra. True, the sophisticated touch that John Bowman's troupe lends the proceedings was absent, and, of course, none can match the Bowman waltzes, yet the performance put up by Priestley, Janzen and Co. was highly creditable. We missed Pelp's dual designation of the number of the dance—perhaps he will do it for us next time—perhaps he did do it and we didn't see him—must ask him about it. But to get on with the story:

Arriving at about nine o'clock (the hop was billed to start at 8:45), we found ourselves just about the first couple there. An interminable wait while "She" fixed her face (as if anything had happened to it coming over! tsk! tsk!) to meet the patronesses, and in we went. The lounge disappointed us a wee bit—the blankets of the long-suffering Wau-neitas were draped so as not to show where Mary let that cigarette fall, or where Betty got caught on a nail when interpreting the dance of the seven veils—a Commerce crest surmounted the fireplace, and the lights were colorfully draped, and that was all. But are those Com students strategists? And how! No sooner were we into the main dining room, when everything but the sound effects of the African jungle jumped at us. All around the room, in one grand freize, realistic-looking lions leaped on unsuspecting Zulus—care-free monkeys slithered blithely down

giraffes' backs—huge rhinos ambled majestically, flattening everything in their path—fleet-footed antelopes skittered hither and yon—in short, every conceivable animal performed in some hitherto unsuspected manner. But behind the orchestra was the masterpiece! Here was where Frank Holroyd, designer and artist extraordinary, did himself proud. Twice the height of the regular freize, and reaching almost to the ceiling, was a wonderful orchestra of African animals in one grand and glorious silly symphony. And to cap twined gracefully from the streamers the ceiling out to the edge of the freize. And that'll tell you about the decorations.

In the matter of food and drink the Undergrad was up to the average, but fell far short of the standard set by the Junior Prom. To begin with, there was no punch. Now, we like punch—like it a lot. We were informed that the punch was dispensed with to allow for ice cream at supper, and since the ticket sale was not quite what it might have been, that was doubtless a good idea. But we still like punch. As a matter of fact, we guzzle enormous quantities of it—always. The supper was nothing at all out of the way, except that animal crackers, to further the jungle motif, were served with the ice cream.

Too much credit cannot be given to the dance committee, consisting of Miss J. Reed, Miss D. Courtney, Miss M. Morrison, Ian Macdonald, A. Irwin, Bill Wheatley and George Will. This body co-operated smoothly enough to stage what, in our opinion, was the best dance of the season. The remainder of the Commerce Club rallied round the dance committee, and put over the Undergrad.

Mrs. Egbert, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Elliott and Miss Dodd very graciously consented to act as patronesses.



THE GATEWAY

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THE PROFESSORS VINDICATED

The Free Speech fight in Toronto is over, and Free Speech has won. We predict that the near future of that city will prove far less troubled than has been the immediate past. Editorial opinion in the Edmonton Journal Monday, February 2, seems to run along the same lines. The editorial reads in part: "If the police pay less attention to banning communistic meetings, they will find, perhaps to their surprise, that comparatively few people will take the trouble to attend such gatherings. It was the prospect of a fight with the police which has drawn big crowds to advertised meetings in the past year or so. Experience has shown it is better to let hotheads blow off steam—in that way a check may be kept on what they really think and preach."

"When an Edmonton Communist announces a certain group of men will defy constituted authority, the authorities are warned and may take action. If he contents himself with a denunciation of methods employed by authority he is quite within his rights. There is the whole difference."

Just what the police of Toronto actually mean when they say they will permit "free speech within the law" may be a little hazy; "within the law" might be made to mean a good deal, but obviously a great advance has been made, if for no other reason than that the attention of millions of people has been drawn to conditions, the existence of which in a "free country" is most deplorable.

The whole affair has, or should have, brought considerable credit to the University of Toronto, and especially to the now famous "68" professors who signed the memorable letter. Not only have their opinions been vindicated, but to them goes the credit for starting the movement which has been instrumental in lifting a blight from their city. It has become evident that a great number of citizens agree with them, and it is not at all unlikely that a good deal of strong feeling on the subject already existed, but they were the leaders who were courageous enough to make themselves heard and to form a nucleus around which the rest could rally. They have shown the world that sometimes at least University professors are not all hardshelled mossbacks, buried in the mildew and mustiness of old textbooks.

RADIO AND THE CRIMINAL

Many large cities now employ radio as aids to their police in tracking down Raffles and his friends. The value of this once-called "scientific toy" is beyond question.

Despite the reputation of Chicago, that city has one of the largest and most extensive police radio hook-ups in the United States. Two one-kilowatt radio transmitters, with a third scheduled for installation this year, keep in constant communication with one hundred receiver-equipped police automobiles.

Hitherto, squad car officers "pulled" a box every half-hour and received their orders where to go, according to a Chicago police captain. Radio keeps the men informed as to developments immediately a crime has been spotted. The efficiency of such a system is exemplified in the following instance:

Police headquarters received a call telling of a burglar in a certain apartment building. The police radio announcer called the car patrolling the district concerned. Within a few minutes the building was surrounded and the culprit was caught before he could leave. Thus do radio-equipped, seven-passenger Lincolns break the hearts of criminals.

The recent Edmonton police department investigation inquired into the possibility of such a system for this city. Although the initial cost of equipment is high, "radio-controlled" crime seems worth while. However, Edmonton does not seem to have need of it as yet, other than the broadcasting of licence numbers of stolen cars. It will certainly be needed when the population increases somewhat, and when outlying districts begin to face constant exposure to crime.

—G. N. I.

COLDS

Every winter about this time we get a bad cold. In fact, we get several colds during the course of a year. But we are not alone in our misery. Nearly all of our friends suffer from the same complaint at least once during the passing of the four seasons.

Since the disease, or whatever one may call it, seems to be so generally prevalent, and since nobody seems to be immune, we think that it is high time that somebody did something about it. If we were to believe the advertisements in the newspapers and over the radio, any type of the complaint from the gentle sneeze to multiple forms of pleurisy can be quickly and permanently cured by a simple application, or a small portion, of whatever the advertiser has to offer. Unfortunately, that is not the case. So far as we are aware, no positive cure for even a mild cold exists. Either we, or our friends, have tried nearly everything under the sun in the nature of a cure, and the sum total of our results has been most decidedly negative.

We have vaccine for smallpox, insulin for diabetes, and a number of substances used in preventive inoculation to render the human body immune from diphtheria and other like diseases, yet the ubiquitous cold



Heigho! Another month gone, rip the sheet off the calendar, Oscar, and listen to me.

Did you hear about the honored member of the faculty who poured syrup down his neck and tickled his pancakes? Well, he did.

Just as Juliet says to me from the balcony, "Why didn't you get seats in the orchestra."

One of my Engineering friends remarked to me the other morn upon coming out of a geology lecture that women must be hard, because a diamond is the only thing that makes an impression on them.

"Oscar, my sausage, can't give me an example of the words muster-role, in a sentence?"

"Oh, yes, let me ponder—ah, answer this: 'When I step out with my woman, why muster 'ole man hang around.' Oops! Is there a doctor in the house? Romeo has passed out."

As one of the I Tappa Keg boys confided in me the other sunny morn: "What this University needs is fewer people who long to tell us what it does need." True, O King, live forever.

The other day while having my curly locks tressed, I was reminded of an incident that amused me slightly. A man went into a barber shop for a shave and a hair-cut, and was immediately attended by a man who enlarged upon the precautions taken to ensure a complete sterilization of everything connected with the shop. The towels, razors, brushes, were all bacteriolized, antiseptized to the highest degree.

"Very fine," said the victim, "but why don't you start shaving me?"

"Oh, but I'm not the barber," came the reply.

"Well, where is he?"

"They're boiling him, sir!"

A professor in a certain American college voiced a preference for well-dressed men, and next day three men appeared at lectures dressed in dinner jackets. We might add such a thing is not entirely uncommon around our own University, but for an entirely different reason.

Add to people we dislike: Men who creep into The Gateway office and inquire obsequiously if we have a cigarette.

People who say, "How are your courses going?" Nit-wits who insist on telling all the intimate details of their last big drunk.

Sports writers who insist on calling the University, "Dr. Wallace's knowledge factory," and who refer to the Varsity teams as the "Rah Rah boys."

Men who think they look debonair in bowler hats. Girls who attempt to emulate Gilda Gray every time they hear a jazz record.

People who try to gyp the Tuck Shop slot machine into playing two records for a nickel.

Professors who insinuate that we might fail in our tests if we don't behave, and be nice "Yes" men.

Women who linger after the lecture so they can roll their eyes at the prof.

Snarks who say, "You wouldn't take my last one, would you?" when offering you a cigarette.

Freshmen who rush senior women in hopes that they will get a bid to the Midwinter.

Folks who continually barge in and ask, "When does The Gateway come out?"

People who don't send in contributions to Cass.

A demure young co-ed asked her big hero, "If I get you a pretty tie for your birthday, will you wear it, darling?" The reply was fervent and well meaning: "Nothing else but, darling, for you," and the big hero wondered why she walked away suffused with blushes.

We Canadian students have a distinct advantage over the American scholars. The program of the Industry Club of McGill University shows a visit to a brewery and each member is permitted to bring two friends. George Story has decided to start a club like this for the further investigation of breweries in general.

Professor Warren: "Lowther, what are the constituents of quartz?"

Lowther (dreamily): "Pints!"

Vince Allen objects to Bill Wheatley's singing on the grounds that Bill doesn't practise what he screeches.

Art Twomey late one evening remarked to the girl friend that he could imitate any bird she could name, so she promptly asked him to imitate a homing pigeon. Yoicks, but that one jarred.

One of our minions said that he wasn't going to speak to the Dean until the Dean apologized to him. We just casually wondered if the Dean would recognize him with a beard.

from which everybody suffers and which often lays the foundation for more serious illnesses has been permitted to make its seasonal ravages from time immemorial upon our defenseless bodies.

We have heard it said that an individual in good health is not very likely to suffer from a cold. Be that as it may, we defy anyone to sit in a lecture room for an hour beside a fellow student who sneezes with the regularity of a pendulum and escape unharmed. It just can't be done; so the sooner some ambitious medico discovers an anti-cold serum to relieve the misery of a long-suffering humanity, the better it will be for all concerned. And incidentally, right here we recommend the discoverer of a genuine cold-cure for the Nobel peace prize.

—P. A. F.



STATIC

Jan. 26, 1931.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—The newspapers are carrying accounts these days of investigations by the "Federal Radio Commission" on the matter of programs and their presentation. Now we see that the farmers would like to have our University station's power increased ten times. Since it is the farmers' request, our government will in all probability do it.

Now, it is well known that the great majority of users of powerful sets are in the towns and cities, since such are quite unnecessary in isolated places. Why should the owners of expensive sets be cramped by the exclusive broadcasting of farm entertainment. Moreover, why should "How to shoot coyotes from the old Ford" be heard all over the dial to the complete exclusion of "You're Driving Me Crazy?"

While we appreciate the value of farm talks, why should we be forced to listen to them if they do not interest us? Better to cut out the broadcast harmonies (the existence of one wave length all over the dial) than to make them even stronger as the farmers ask. And wouldn't the farm folks like a little jazz and popular music now and then as a variation to "Using the beer mash to feed the hawks?"

At this fair University where we boast of having as high a social standard as intellectual, why should dry radio broadcasts belie the reputation? We have two fine orchestras; why can't we use them? What's the matter with broadcasting their efforts now and then, especially the dance music from the weekly house dances?

Another idea is a feature night. We have many clubs and societies on the campus which would jump at the chance to "go on the air." And they could do it in a big way, too, at that; think how pleased their folks at home would be!

If these or similar ideas were carried out, the average listener, instead of disgustedly twirling the dial several hundred kilocycles from 580, would contentedly pull out the old briar, light up, put his feet on the dining-room table, and murmur with relish, "Good old CKUA!"

Three overtown fans,
F.D., W.A., and M.B.

Twenty Years Ago

From The Gateway, February, 1911

We are glad to report that all the victims of the recent typhoid outbreak are either entirely recovered or at least convalescent. H. Dixon, Applied Science '13, the last to leave the hospital, bade farewell to that institution on Tuesday, the seventh instant.

A barnstorming tour is being arranged for by the hockey team. Games with the University of Saskatchewan at Saskatoon, and with Tofield are in view.

There is a chance that the Deacons will play Varsity for the Brackman Kerr cup. Three games out of five will win the series.

Now that the excitement is past, class and faculty games are in order.

The principal students' function of the year is established. Striving as we are against the difficulties of a new institution, it is encouraging to see the marks of success attend our

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efforts. Without a doubt the second conversazione held was a step in advance. This function promises to be one of the events in the society life of the north. . . . Nothing was lacking in the arrangements of the evening. Refreshments were served in good style, and a convenient car service took the Edmonton visitors home in the early morning. Altogether, the evening's program proved its quality by the fact that the hours slid past unconsciously, and 1:30 a.m. arrived all too soon.

TEN YEARS AGO

From The Gateway, Feb. 2nd, 1921

Friday was the big day and Friday the big night, when the U. of A. Medical students came forth from the seclusion of the Med. building and displayed their wares, not only to their fellow students, but to the world at large. It was Med. Night, and on such occasions we all expect something in the way of a surprise party. Nor were we disappointed. . . . The banquet was very successful. They permitted no speeches, and only one toast. . . . No medical lectures were given on Friday afternoon, or perhaps we should say that none were attended. . . . Assembly Hall was filled to capacity limit long before the appointed time. . . . Taken all in all, the Meds have once again proved that, in their own words, there are no flees on them.

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MARY ROSE

To write a criticism of the Edmonton Little Theatre's production of Saturday night last, Sir J. M. Barrie's "Mary Rose," is for a person of sensibility akin to rubbing the bloom of a rose. The present writer confesses that he does not possess the degree of intellectuality nor the acquaintance with the theatre, both at home and abroad, which manifests itself so promptly in Edmonton audiences the moment they reach the lobby and begin to damn with faint praise or applaud with civil leer. Being a simple person he must come out frankly and say that he was very profoundly moved by a very well staged and acted play. Most of the prologue he missed owing to the noise made by late-comers whom the ushers mistakenly admitted to the pit,—not the pit of fire and brimstone unfortunately to which the already seated audience consigned them. The rest he followed without difficulty, thanking God every moment for voices that could be heard, in which "Mary Rose" was so infinitely superior to "Loyalties," especially as regards the women.

The honors of the evening must be awarded to Professor Stanley Smith, who is an actor to the manner born. It is difficult to think that any professional actor could have given a more adequate rendering of the part of Mr. Morland. There were points in the text where the stress of voice used by Mr. Smith was perhaps debatable, but these were small matters, and one thinks rather of the complete way in which he threw himself into his part, with every bit of his "stage business" done to the life. It must have been a dull soul indeed which was not wrung by the beautiful way in which Mr. Smith, mastered by the hobby of a life-time, made a feeble motion to show the Rev. Mr. Cameron one of his precious sketches

at the moment when tragedy was at its height. It suggested the broken man as finely as anything in Greek tragedy. Mr. Smith will be in demand for future productions.

Special praise for him in no sense is intended to derogate from the excellent work of the admirably balanced cast, and certainly "Mary Rose" as played on Saturday night demonstrated what balance means. There were no weak spots in the entire cast, and they played up to each other nobly without a sign of that pretty spirit which both on the amateur and the professional stage, but especially the former, inspires some one to try to "hog the act." Our players of Saturday worked for true ensemble effects.

Everybody liked Mrs. Griesbach as Mrs. Otery, the housekeeper. Her lines and actions were well matched and both came easily. Some may feel that Mrs. Otery as Barrie conceived her, is a rather grimmer character than that depicted by Mrs. Griesbach, but one suspects that grimmer is not a thing that comes easily to Mrs. Griesbach. Mr. Jim Binney, who began the play opposite her in the prologue, as Harry, the runaway son, Australian bushwhacker and ex-Anzac, suited this particular critic admirably; those who think otherwise, so far as their criticism is intelligible to me, seem to have forgotten how clearly uncouthness is written into the character by Barrie. Mr. Binney gave a fine rendering of that curious compound of innate breeding and acquired roughness which the part demanded. He has already in his short stay among us earned a real place in local dramas.

Godfrey Holloway is one of the Little Theatre's dependables; he has the true actor's instinct and is thoroughly at home on the stage. Nothing could have been more natural than his acting in the second act—the picnic on the island. His pretty manner with Mary Rose and his portrayal of that Olympian condescension to ordinary mortals which makes a British naval officer, were both admirable. It might be suggested from the standpoint of make-up that Simon appeared to have weathered the quarter-century almost too successfully, but perhaps that is the beauty of a life on the ocean-wave.

Connie Dickens lived up to advance notices in fine style. To great personal charm she added all the virtues of a thoroughly intelligent presentation of her part. The great test of any representation of the character of Mary Rose is this: how well are the transitions of mood effected? For Mary Rose is as variable as the breezes in the spring, and her changes of direction are as little capable of explanation as are theirs. To this test Mrs. Dickens measured up wonderfully, and it is of course around her psychology that the whole play is built up. The writer was ungalant enough to spy upon a number of ladies' size handkerchiefs that were mopping quite ingloriously in that moving scene where Mary Rose comes back after twenty-five long years.

Mrs. Inez Macdonald gave a smooth and capable rendering of Mrs. Morland, with a perfect carrying voice and excellent action. It would be hard to overestimate the amount she contributed to create the necessary impression of an English home. Mr. Ernest Keeping, as Mr. Arny, the vicar, was adequate in his part, not perhaps quite as sure of himself as a vicar in the late sixties is likely to be, but full of promise for later productions. We liked him well. Mr. James Stuart, to be frank, surprised us. His opening was not particularly auspicious, but it gradually became clear that he was making a real success in putting over the combination of deference and independence which the part of Cameron requires. Why he clung to his shovel hat in the Morland's drawing room, we don't know,—possibly as to the badge of his sacred office.

Capable direction was again in evidence throughout, and that involves mentioning once again Mrs. Elizabeth Sterling Haynes. Very few, save the members of the cast themselves, are likely to realize the arduous nature of the task involved in the long drill requisite for the turning out of so finished a performance. It becomes increasingly difficult to visualize the Little Theatre without Mrs. Haynes.

To praise the interior scenes executed by Mr. Frank Holroyd has become a superfluous task, and remains only a pleasant privilege. But the island scene for the second act was a new revelation to Edmontonians of his capabilities, and thoroughly deserved the applause it received at the rise of the curtain.

Mrs. Tom Gardner and his associates rendered very acceptably interlude music based on the Scotch ballads—almost too like a Burns night, in fact, for some of us ordinary Canadians, but it was regrettable that they felt it necessary to use so much light in the epilogue with rather disastrous effects on that very dramatic scene. Don't musicians memorize any more?

M. Y. PHELIN.

The PIG'S EYE



A comment in this learned journal some time ago anent the activities of show reviewers, aroused in our bosom some painful misgivings as to our own exalted calling. The effect of the broadside was that there are few genuine critics today, and that the general run are a little better than press agents. To which we might add, they never have been.

The average reviewer on the average newspaper staff today is not a critic in the exact sense of the word. He is usually some unfortunate individual to whose regular duties (school board, fish and game, gopher breeder's association et al) have been added the dubious privileges of editing the show page. The show page, usually sandwiched in between the market news and the want ad columns, may contain anything from school concerts to the last words of a dying diva. But it all comes under the head of "amusements."

As far as pressure from show managers is concerned, however, that peril has been greatly exaggerated. True, they may threaten to cut advertising, but they rarely do. Also, it is rare for a newspaper editor not to back up his reviewer when that nut in the great machine is attacked.

The difficulty with the reviewer is that he is rarely experienced, has had little opportunity to see anything mildly approaching a really good offering, and is so fed up with movies that his sense of the dramatic is entirely lost. The bright lights are far, far away, and the drama is in a bad way today. Scorn not the show critic. Heaven only knows what you may come to yourself some day.

Which brings to mind that the Little Theatre Association of Calgary recently presented an excellent bill of one-act plays, including "The Valiant" and "Evening Dress Indispensable." Hoary veterans of the dramat will recall the staging of both these plays on inter-class play nights.

"The Valiant" was done excellently, even better than the senior class did it. Possibly this was due to the maturity of the players in an offer-

POT POURRI

Comments on Various Subjects: Grapefruit, Machines, "Fighting Caravans," and the New Noiseless Talkie

By Percival Hodnut

An Apology

We wish to apologize to the grapefruit thrown at Rudy Vallée last week. Our original intention led us to believe that cabbages were used in the assault on the leader of the Connecticut Twankees.

This Machine Age

Apropos of Mr. Beeg's "This Machine Age" in last week's issue: It is safe to say that despite the many marvels in science known to us in industry, there are undoubtedly others which have been or might have been produced years ago, and of which we have heard or will hear at later dates. The reasons for our not hearing of them earlier are fairly obvious.

First: In many industrial corporations the engineer is at the call of the advertising department. He is required to make old or new inventions attractive to the buying public, to sacrifice mechanical efficiency to beauty (yet in many cases the most efficient instrument might be made the most beautiful, by proper development).

Further, improvements to instruments are held back by the advertising department until the next year, or years later, to be made "sales points" when finally released to the public. This has certainly been the case in radio. Improvements made years ago have been held back by a corporation controlling the patents, being used one by one to enhance the radio model released for each year. Competition would have resulted in improvement of the improvements.

Second: Sudden release of certain machines might result in economic upheaval. Such machines must be introduced gradually.

Though people who should know better have put forth somewhat ridiculous arguments to the contrary, television is quite certain to injure the popularity of movie theatres. Opposition to this new radio development is already evident: it will undoubtedly increase. The end is as inevitable as that of introducing sound motion pictures.

Fighting Caravans

Speaking of pictures, we saw Zane Grey's "Fighting Caravans" last week. It was "The Covered Wagon" over again but for the sound and the heroine—and Gary Cooper. The comedy relief deserves special mention: it was good.

We have no objections whatever to hearing Miss Lily Damita in any language under any sun. If we must criticize for the hypercritical, however, it was a bit thick to have Miss Damita's very beautiful Russian accent paraded as that of a French girl from away back. Let's have more of her, with those delightful intonations flying their true colors. (Possibly we have mixed things a bit in that last, but you will excuse our indiscretions if you see the lady.)

It appears that actors (Ronald Colman among them) claim that Lily is "too forward" with them in pictures, and that she is often refused leading parts on that account. Although beauty is admittedly disarming, we observed nothing in the lady's face to indicate that such behavior might be expected. Colman is said

YEARNING'S END

When I dally in love, I'm in need of no shove—
I fall for the frail with a flop,
And for me the brunettes were by far the best bet
A blonde was a signal to stop.
My viewpoint was narrow, till Dan with his arrow
Showed me a golden haired frau
I surrendered my heart to his amorous dart
And was rendered "blonde-conscious"—and how!

In previous dealings, I'd smothered my feelings
Whenever a blonde hove in sight—
And dreams of the girls with those raven-hued curls
Haunted me night after night.
But dreaming is over, I'm knee deep in clover,
I've found my affinity now—
My feelings meandered back to the gold standered
To make me "blonde-conscious"—and how!

In heated discussions, I've suffered concussions
From words in defence of the fair,
I've contended blonde women were bulbs that were dim an'
Habitually gave them the air.
But now I can see that those ladies need me
As much as a ship needs a prow—
I no longer choose to gainsay Miss Loos,
For I'm, oh, so "blonde-conscious"—and how!

—DON Q. JAF.

ing which calls for several quite mature characters. Not that the performance of Miss Roseborough as Josephine Paris, or Al Borrowman as Dyke, was surpassed. It was the minor character, rather, who brought the play up to near-perfection.

On the other hand, the sophomore presentation of "Evening Dress Indispensable," as we recall it, was very superior. If class play directors do emerge from the process physical wrecks, they frequently have the satisfaction of seeing their work staged in satisfactory form. In our feeble opinion the Dramat has little to be ashamed of in comparison with other amateur dramatic organizations.

We are averse to using this column for any criticism of student affairs which border on the serious. But we must state our great satisfaction at the courageous defence by David Sigler and Max Wershof of a student who suffered, in our opinion, an injustice. As long as students have the ability and the courage to state their opinions freely, no matter whether in favor or opposed to the official aegis, and there is a student paper in which these opinions may be expressed, we believe there is hope for university journalism and student government.

—H. D. S.

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Bootleggers are the only people in America who have adjusted themselves completely to prohibition.—Dr. James M. Doran (Intercollegiate Press).

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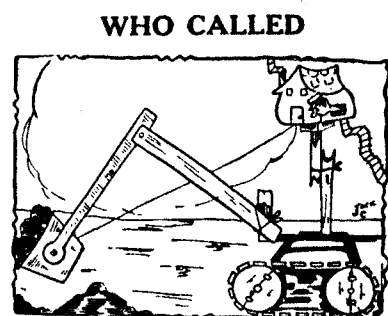
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WHO CALLED

Photo of Harry Lister cleaning up Convocation Hall following the Waukegan Masquerade. Harry has a lot of pull now that he owns the vacuum cleaner shown above.

CO-EDS TIDY?

THE AGE OF SPEED
First Bystander: The new skyscraper's about finished, eh? I see the gang on this end is busy putting in the plate-glass windows. But what's that gang at the other end doing?

Second: Oh, that's the wrecking gang. They're tearing it down to put up a bigger one.—McGill Daily.

It is estimated by architects that the average life-span of a New York skyscraper is 30 years—no more.—(Intercollegiate Press.)

Washington.—Plans to have the Liberty Bell rung again after 100 years, and in such a manner that the entire country can hear it, are under way here by the George Washington bicentennial commission. The famous old bell will be heard over a nationwide radio hook-up, and will be tapped thirteen times, once for each of the 13 original states. The event will take place on Washington's birthday, Feb. 22.—(Intercollegiate Press.)

Varsity Seniors Lead League As They Defeat Forty-ninth

Varsity Wins Over FortyNinth in Game Full of Fights and Rough Play

Chris Fridfinnson's noble warriors took the lead in the City Senior League Tuesday night when they defeated the Forty-ninth aggregation. The game was not productive of good hockey, as the Forty-ninth seem to have a yen for rough play.

Varsity went into the lead in the first minute, when Dorsey scored, and held this lead all the period. The Forty-ninth pressed hard and had as much of the play as Varsity.

In the second period Varsity opened strong to make the score 3-0. However, when they resorted to tactics similar to those the Forty-ninth had used, Campbell took offence and left Varsity with three men on the ice. The soldiers pressed hard and evened the score by the end of the period.

The third period had a decided Varsity tinge to it. The boys settled down after the wild second period and played nice hockey. Wright and Dorsey combined for three goals to put Varsity on top.

First Period

The game opened well for Varsity. Within one minute of the start Dorsey and Tollington went down on a two-man rush. Tollington passed to Dorsey just outside the defence, and Dorsey shot at the boards and slapped in the rebound for a neat goal. Soon after Bowen broke away and came near scoring, but was stopped by Al Hall. Then Tollington broke away by himself, and was robbed of a goal by Howey. The Varsity goal was in danger when McTavish checked Willans right in front of the Varsity goal. However, Dorsey, Wright and Tollington broke away, and Howey made a beautiful save on Tollington's shot. Immediately Bowen and McTavish broke away and got past the Varsity defence, but Ross saved in fine style. The play was fast and furious, and Varsity seemed to have difficulty in clearing the puck. "Wild Bill" Montgomery came close to scoring when he went in on Howey, but that noble gentleman pulled another fine save. This man Howey sure knows his onions when it comes to tending goal. Soon after Al Hall went down and was tripped as he shot. The Forty-ninth saved quite a few goals by rough play, but Campbell didn't seem to see it, or didn't want to. Zuchet, circling the Varsity net, came close to scoring as the period ended. Varsity 1, Forty-ninth 0.

Second Period

The second period opened with both teams fighting hard. Al Hall went down the boards, but his shot was stopped by Howey. Then Tollington and Dorsey went down, and Dorsey, as he crossed the defence, took a nice pass from Tollington, and went in on Howey to score. A very neat play. The Forty-niners came close again, but Willans came in to save. Hall skated through the

Forty-ninth and shot. Howey stopped it, but Hall picked up the rebound to score. Klasen saved a goal for Varsity when he came in from behind to check Bowen. Zuchet and Inkster went down and Inkster shot, Zuchet scoring on the rebound. At this point Campbell saw fit to put Hall and Tollington off in quick succession for rough play which, if judged by the play of the Forty-ninth, was only a mild form of parlor rugby. Soon after McTavish was checked close on the Varsity net. To give vent to his anger he took a swipe at Ross and started a fight. After the melee, McTavish was allowed to stay on the ice if he would play clean hockey. The Forty-ninth pressed hard, and Montgomery was sent to the cooler. This left Varsity with three men on the ice. Good old Campbell! The Forty-ninth made good use of the weakened Varsity team, and Zuchet scored on a pass from McTavish, who was in a corner. The Forty-ninth still pressed hard, and were rewarded when Zuchet passed to McTavish, who slapped the rubber past Ross.

Varsity 3, Forty-ninth 3.

Third Period

Varsity settled down to work in the third period and gave the Forty-ninth something to think about. Dorsey and Tollington rushed, and Tollington shot, but Howey saved. It was not long after that Hall and Dorsey went down, but Howey again saved. Dorsey and Wright went down fast and Wright, crossing the defence, took a neat pass from Dorsey to go in and score. The Forty-ninth pressed hard and came near scoring, but the back-checking of Klasen, Pinkney and Willans held them. Al Hall, after going through practically the whole Forty-ninth team, was stopped by a rough check, which Campbell evidently didn't notice. Then Hall and Dorsey combined on a nice rush, and Hall passed to Dorsey, who sent in a sizzler past Howey. The Forty-ninth came back stronger than ever, and the Varsity goal was often in danger, but sterling work by Ross staved them off. Dorsey broke away and shot when he was off balance, and Howey saved again. Not to be outdone, Montgomery went down the ice and bored in on Howey from the side, but Howey pulled a beautiful save. In the dying moments of the game, Hall and Dorsey broke clear, and went down on Howey. Hall shot and Dorsey picked up the rebound to score. The Forty-ninth pressed hard, but there was no further scoring. Varsity 6, Forty-ninth 3.

For Varsity all the boys played good hockey, with "Jawn" Dorsey standing out. This lad got four goals, and as a result stands first in the scoring list. Wright and Klasen were back-checking like fools.

For the Forty-ninth, Bowen and Howey stood out. McTavish, as usual, was wild, but he didn't draw a penalty.

The teams lined up as follows:

Varsity: Ross, Holland, Montgomery, Wright, Dorsey and Tollington; Willans, Pinkney and Klasen.
Forty-ninth: Howey, Dunnand, Dame, McTavish, Bowen, Colville, Zuchet, Inkster.

ARTS DEFEAT AGS IN BASKETBALL

Science Defeats Meds and Arts Win Over Ags to Lead League

Thursday, January 29th, saw the Arts (A) take the lead in the inter-faculty basketball league when they defeated the Science aggregation 26-20.

In Tuesday night's game the Arts further established themselves in first position by winning over the Ags 19-14. Science came into second place by a win over the Meds by 14-4.

The Med-Sci game proved to be a fast game, and substantiates the fact that inter-faculty basketball is bigger and better than ever this year.

MANITOBA HERE FRIDAY

Brown and Gold Will Come to Do Battle for Race Trophy
—Manitoba Has Strong Lineup

On Friday night the basketball fans will get a treat when the Manitoba Girls' Basketball team tangles with Varsity in the first game for the Race cup. The game is due to start at 7:30 in the upper gym, with Referee Bill Douglas in charge. It will be good. Be sure to see it.

Following is a thumb-nail sketch of the Manitoba team:

Ioleane Hemphill (f)—A speedy and experienced forward, now playing her fourth season for the "U" team. "Hemp" is a hot dribbler and tosses a deadly ball from any angle. Worth watching.
Bea York (f)—Also a veteran forward of last year. Has developed a remarkable aim and is at present the leading point-getter. Brilliant under the basket and very shifty.

Berna McKenzie—Captain of the team and regular centre. Plays a fast game, and is hard to beat on the toss-up. Good playmaker and wields a nice throwing arm.

Nina Cadham—A sweet guard, and also manager of the team. Nina flings a nice pass and combines with a smooth check. Hard to shake off.

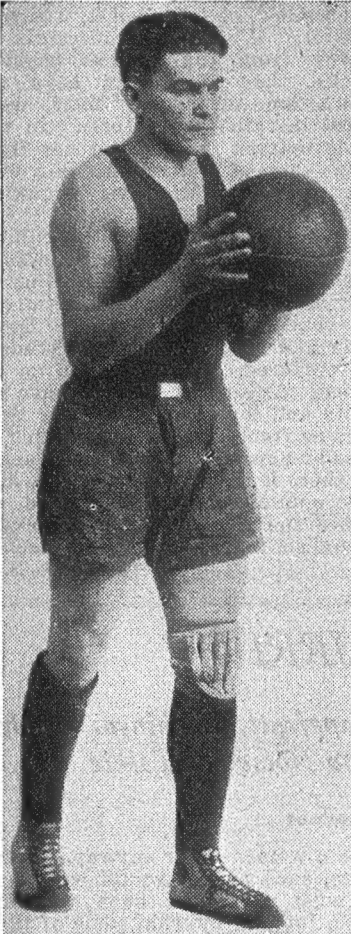
Aldis Thorlakson—Aldis is the big girl of field day fame. A tricky lady to pass and a smart dribbler with a long reach.

Isabel McLaren (sub centre)—Alternate at the pivot post. A fast and accurate performer, fitting in well with her wings.

Evelyn Blankstein (sub def.)—Plays a strong defensive game plus an aggressive rush.

Peg McDonald (sub f.)—A mighty mite. Peg is a fast offensive player and has a good eye for the basket.

BASKETBALL COACH



BILL SHANDRO

A star player of the past three years, who coached Varsity to victory over the Y.M.C.A., giving us the Northern Alberta Championship. Varsity next takes on the winners of the Southern division.

SENIOR LEAGUE SCORING GIVEN

The following is the goals, assists and total points made in the Senior Hockey League. A goal or assist counts 1 point.

	G.	A.	Pts.
Dorsey (V)	10	1	11
Graham (S)	6	4	10
Montgomery (V)	4	3	7
Hall (V)	5	1	6
Crossland (S)	4	2	6
Grove (I)	6	0	6
Bowen (49th)	4	2	6
Power (I)	3	3	6
Brown (S)	5	0	5
Horne (I)	4	0	4
Walker (S)	3	1	4
Willans (V)	4	0	4
McTavish (49th)	3	1	4
Moher (I)	3	1	4
Zuchet (49th)	4	0	4
Wright (V)	3	0	3
Broadfoot (I)	3	0	3
Collingwood (I)	0	2	2
Case (I)	2	0	2
Tollington (V)	1	1	2
Pinkney (V)	0	2	2
MacMillan (S)	1	0	1
Smith (S)	1	0	1
Klasen (V)	1	0	1
Hague (I)	1	0	1
Purcell (I)	1	0	1
Greenlees (I)	1	0	1
King (V)	1	0	1
Colville (49th)	1	0	1
Inkster (49th)	1	0	1
G. Ferris (49th)	1	0	1
Dame (49th)	0	1	1
S. Ferris (49th)	0	1	1

It will be noticed that the list is headed by "Jawn" Dorsey, our freshman star, with the Montgomery-Hall combination in third and fourth places.

Grads Defeat Varsity By Overwhelming Score 102-25

Perfect Combination and Sharpshooting of the World-famous Grads Proved Too Much For Varsity Ladies' Basketball Team
In First Game of Alberta Basketball Schedule

Last Thursday night, January 29, the McDougall Commercial High School gymnasium was officially opened with the first game of the Alberta Senior Ladies' Basketball schedule—the Grads against the University of Alberta, the Grads winning by 102-25.

Although it was hopeless for Varsity from the first, they were not out-gamed—their score of 25 points was a remarkable feat, and it was a score large enough to win many a basketball game. Compared to last year's score of 6 points against the Grads, this year's score of 25 points is very much in Varsity's favor.

The Grads were without the services of Gladys Fry, who is in the hospital, Mae Brown, who has returned to Varsity. Edith Stone, tired, and Margaret Kinney, who has one of the Stone twins, took the place of Gladys Fry, and while she is not as good as Gladys, she played a remarkable game and scored 14 points.

Babe Belanger was the highest scorer with a total of 26 points, Millie McCormack had 23, and Margaret McBurney 20.

In the first quarter the play was fairly even at first, with several bad shots. The Grads had very good combination and hung onto the ball, but they had two fouls against them, Varsity having only one. Varsity missed several long shots. The first period ended with the score 17-6. The playing was fairly fast, but Varsity was beginning to look concerned.

Varsity doubled their score in the next quarter, but the Grads just piled it on—and the final score at half-time was 46-12. The Grads played excellent defence, and they were quick at covering the ball. Varsity was left completely bewildered and out of breath. The Grads had three fouls against them and Varsity only one. Our girls must have been getting excited from the look of some of the wild shots—they did not take enough time, but they made one long shot from the side.

In the third period Varsity brought up their score to 21, but the Grads also added 20 points. The passing was good, but there were some wild shots. The defense was not so good—it caused many fouls. In this period Edith Stone showed up remarkably well. The Varsity girls

were by now visibly excited, and slightly worried. At the end of three-quarter time the score was 66-21.

Varsity was on the look-out in the last quarter. The girls checked the Grads closely, but not closely enough. Then they missed a shot from right under the basket. Babe Belanger was right on the job, and scored the seventieth goal. Varsity fumbled greatly, but scored once again. The playing was fast and furious, but entirely on the part of the Grads. Babe Belanger made six shots almost in succession. Mar-wath Babe all the way through the game. McBurney played about even last period. The play became faster and faster, and Margaret McBurney scored the 100 point, Elsie Bennie following it up with the last shot, making a total of 102-25. The Varsity girls were completely exhausted and even the Grads appeared to be slightly perturbed.

Ruth Fry was the chief sharpshooter for Varsity, netting six field goals for 12 points. Margaret Kinney played well and scored six points. Mary Melnyk scored two field goals, Helen Mahaffy two points, and Josie Kopta one point on a free throw. Ethel Barnett did not score, but she was the mainspring of many of Varsity's attacks.

Babe missed one free throw out of three attempts, and Elsie Bennie missed one also. Ruth Fry and Helen Mahaffy each missed three free throws in that many attempts.

Grads: M. McCormack (23), M. McBurney (20), E. Stone (14), D. Neal (6), E. Bennie (14), B. Belanger (26). Total, 102.

Varsity: Fry (12), J. Kopta (1), M. Kinney (6), H. Mahaffy (2), E. Barnett, M. Melnyk (4), H. Ford, M. Morrison, V. McMahan, B. Linke. Total, 25.

Substitutions: 1st quarter, none. 2nd quarter: Grads, Belanger for McCormack; Varsity, Melnyk for Kopta, McMahan for Mahaffy. 3rd quarter: Grads, McCormack for McBurney. 4th quarter: Grads, McBurney for Stone; Varsity, Ford for Kopta, Melnyk for Ford, Morrison for Melnyk.

Score by quarters: Grads, 17, 29, 20, 36—102; Varsity, 6, 6, 9, 4—25. The referee for the evening was Bill Douglas.

SPORTING SLANTS

Well, folks, we needs must doff our helmets to Chris Fridfinnson and his gang of athletes. Chris has certainly worked hard and well on the boys this year, and we can't say that his work has been in vain. The Varsity team is now at the head of the league.

The boys seemed to have trouble clearing the puck Tuesday night. But they came to life with a bang in the third period to put the game on ice. Ross was in very good form, and certainly made some fine saves. Hall and Montgomery played their usual good game. If Howey hadn't been so good they would have boosted their scoring averages plenty.

In spite of Howey's play, one "Jawn" Dorsey boosted his average up plenty. "Jawn" got four goals, and as a result he leads the scoring list. Nice game, Jawn. Tollington and Wright back-checked like fiends, and were always dangerous on the attack. Tolly's stick-handling has sure improved.

Willans, Pinkney and Klasen all checked well. This man Klasen is

fast. Watch him. Joe Willans all ways seems to be there in the pinches. He saved two sure goals.

The girls' basketball team wilted rather badly in their game against the Grads. Still, we mustn't forget who the Grads are. We are willing to bet that the girls will take Manitoba down the line on Friday. Better come out and see the game.

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